

Weekly American

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, AND GENERAL MISCELLANY.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE WASHINGTON AMERICAN.

We can hardly think it necessary to urge upon those who hold that Americans ought to rule America, the importance of having a paper at the seat of the Federal Government, which shall enunciate and advocate the doctrines of the American party.

A paper issued from any of the great centers of a nation, and especially from the political Metropolis, in the present age, not in this country only, but in Great Britain, France, and wherever there is the least freedom of discussion, is a medium through which those holding similar sentiments in regard to public affairs and public policy, may make known, discuss and defend their views, and expose the impropriety of the principles, and the impolicy of the measures of their antagonists. It should earnestly labor to give a proper direction to public opinion by enlightening the public mind.

The AMERICAN is the only paper published at the seat of the Federal Government which advocates American doctrines; the only sentiment of the party stationed where a near and clear view can be had of the movements and doings of their opponents at their headquarters. Here political information concentrates, and from hence it radiates to every part of the empire; here party measures and movements are determined, and political campaigns planned; here strategies are concocted and thwarted, and here at certain seasons of the year politicians most do congregate; here, in short, is the centre of the great political maelstrom in which so many thousands are constantly plunging and forever gyrating.

If the AMERICAN party is desirous of being a national party, it should not be without a paper here through which it can make known to all people its views, aims and opinions, and which shall also refute the calumnies that are from time to time uttered against it through ignorance or a less excusable motive; and we, therefore, take hope that the AMERICAN, standing, as it will stand, upon the platform of the American party, advocating, as it will advocate, the paramount rights of native-born citizens, eschewing, as it will eschew, all interference with slavery as a national concern, and maintaining, as it will maintain, perfect freedom of opinion and of conscience in religion, will find favor in the eyes of all truly patriotic citizens in the land, and commend itself to their generous support.

Let us may not have been specific enough in declaring our principles, we add, that the FAVORABLE ADDRESS of the Father of his country, as illustrated by the broad light of his administration, is our political text-book and *casus belli*; and shall be our compass and chart.

PLATFORM

Of the American Party, adopted at the session of the National Council, June 2, 1857.

1st. An unqualified acknowledgment to the Supreme Being, for His protecting care vouchsafed to our fathers in their successful Revolutionary struggle, and hitherto manifested to us, their descendants, in the preservation of the liberties, the independence, and the union of these States.

2d. The preservation of the Federal Union, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberties, and the only sure bulwark of American Independence.

3d. Americans must rule America, and to this end native-born citizens should be selected for all State, Federal, and municipal offices or government employment, in preference to all others; nevertheless,

4th. Persons born of American parents residing temporarily abroad, should be entitled to all the rights of native-born citizens; but

5th. No person should be selected for political station, (whether of native or foreign birth,) who possesses any allegiance or obligation of any description to any foreign prince, potentate, or power; or who refuses to recognize the Federal and State constitutions (each within its sphere) as paramount to all other laws, as rules of political action.

6th. The unqualified recognition and maintenance of the reserved rights of the several States, and the cultivation of harmony and fraternal good will, between the citizens of the several States, and to this end, non-interference by Congress with questions appertaining solely to the individual States, and non-interference by each State with the affairs of any other State.

7th. The recognition of the right of the native-born and naturalized citizens of the United States, respectively residing in any Territory the *entire*, frame their constitution and laws, and to regulate their domestic and social affairs in their own mode, subject only to the provisions of the Federal Constitution, with the privilege of admission into the Union whenever they have the requisite population for one Representative in Congress. *Provided* always, that none but those who are citizens of the United States, under the constitution and law thereof, and who have a fixed residence in any Territory, ought to participate in the formation of the constitution, or in the enactment of laws for said Territory or State.

8th. An enforcement of the principle that no State or Territory ought to admit others than citizens of the United States to the right of suffrage, or of holding political office.

9th. A change in the laws of naturalization, making a continued residence of twenty-one years of all not heretofore provided for, an indispensable requisite for citizenship hereafter, and excluding all paupers, and persons convicted of crime from landing upon our shores; but no interference with the vested rights of foreigners.

10th. Opposition to any union between Church and State; no interference with religious faith, worship, and no test oaths for office.

11th. Free and thorough investigation into all alleged abuses of public functionaries, and a strict economy in public expenditures.

12th. The maintenance and enforcement of all laws constitutionally enacted, until said laws shall be repealed, or shall be declared null and void by competent judicial authority.

13th. A free and open discussion of all political principles embraced in our platform.

THE OLD FARM-GATE.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide, The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road-side? I like not this barrier gaily beaded, With its glittering latch and its trellis of white, It is, I own, a—yes, oh! dearer by far Was the rusted hinge, and the weather warped bar.

Here are fashion and form of a modernized date, But I'd rather have looked on the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the urethin would gather to play In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid day; For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand,

Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.

But to swing on the gate rails, to clamber and ride, Was the utmost pleasure, of glory, and pride; And the car of the victor or carriage of state, Never carried such hearts as the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro, When the moon was above and the glow-worm below.

Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick, While the moments grew longer and his heart-throbs grew quick.

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there, With church-going vestment and sprucely combed hair?

He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait For the one he adored, at the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the gray-headed gossips would meet;

And the falling of markets, or goodness of wheat— This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought— Were favorite themes for discussion and thought.

The merits and faults of a neighbor just dead— The hopes of a couple about to be wed—

The Parliament doings—the bill and debate— Were all canvassed and weighed at the old farm-gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound

With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim, But none could leap over that postern like him.

When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip, And the quickly pulled willow branch served for his whip.

Spite of hugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight.

While I climbed on his back from the old farm-gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where the pleasure and fame

May come winging our moments and gliding our name.

But give me the joy and the freshness of mind, When, away on some sport—the old gate slammed behind—

I've listened to music, but none that could speak In such tones to my heart as the test-teeth creak.

That broke on my ear when the night had worn late, And the old ones came home through the old farm-gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place, But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.

I sigh to behold the rough spout and haap, And the rails that my growing hands sorely could reap.

Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part With the commonest relic once linked to the heart;

And the brightest of fortune—the kindest fate— Would not banish my love for the old farm-gate.

GENTLE ANNIE.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie, Like a flower thy spirit did depart, Thou art gone, alas, like the may, That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.

Chorus—Shall we never more behold thee, Never hear thy winning voice again, When the spring-time comes, gentle Annie, When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain.

We have roamed and loved mid the bowers, When thy downy cheeks were in bloom, Now I stand alone mid the flowers,

While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb, Chorus—Shall we never more, &c.

Ah, the hours grow sad while I ponder, Near the silent grave where thou art laid, And my heart bows down when I wander, By the streams and meadows we stray'd.

Chorus—Shall we never more, &c.

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bor it would save, and finishing his exordium by asking me to accompany him to look at it; but I soon taught him a lesson he will not readily forget, by treating him with the scorn he deserved, and without a word, or recognition of any kind, passed on, leaving him standing with distended eyes, gazing after me."

"Poor lad," said Mrs. Stanley, sympathetically, "how grievous must have been his disappointment!"

"I knew, mother, you would blame me," said Kate, bursting with tears; "I would have spoken kindly to him at another time; but why did he, a poor mechanic, come mortifying me before such witnesses?"

"He thought, I presume," answered the mother, mildly, "as you had been for years such near neighbors, he might unquestionably depend upon your feeling an interest in a work which had cost him months of anxious solicitude to perfect. How, my child, could he reasonably suppose that he would obtain the sympathy of others, when one so well acquainted with his moral worth, together with the meritorious exertion he is so constantly making to aid in the support of his mother's numerous and bereaved family, turned coldly away, and would not so much as gratify him with a single look? But I see," said Mrs. Stanley, partly back the rich clustering curls which partially shaded her child's weeping face, and imprinting a kiss on her forehead, "that further rebuke is unnecessary. Yet if my Kate is disengaged and will bring her work and sit by me, I will devote the remainder of the afternoon to relating a history of a very beloved friend, which may prove the means of eradicating the germs of pride, I am fearful, has taken too deep a root in her young heart."

A thoughtful expression, almost a sad one, overspread the mother's features as memory reverted to the past, touching some painful chord; but seeing her young daughter seated with her implements of needlework, in an attitude of attention, she resumed her usual placidity of look and manner, and began.

"Many years ago, my Kate, there resided in the city of Philadelphia a wealthy merchant, whom I shall designate by the name of Elder. He was a widower, with one child, a daughter. Few combined greater advantages than the gifted Ellen—young, beautiful, with a mind highly cultivated, and an heiress, there seemed nothing wanting to add to the catalogue of her attractions, and it becomes needless to say, she was never without a numerous assemblage of admirers around her. Flattered from her cradle, receiving adulation from all who ventured within the precincts of her magic circle, deprived of a mother's admonitory counsels, it was not surprising that Ellen became somewhat spoiled. Pride was her besetting sin. Like a worm, in the heart of some delicate flower, it was eating at the root of every virtue with slow but destructive effect. But for this one blemish, this plague spot, this leprosy of the heart, her character was as faultless as her form and features were perfect, and seldom is there met a being of such surpassing loveliness. The winter of Miss Ellen's coming out, as it is termed, was one of unusual gaiety; but though she received several unexceptionable offers, she had experienced no decided preference for any, and the spring found her yet unmarried."

It was at this period, that a young Englishman directly from London, made his appearance in Philadelphia, bringing letters to the father, which obtained for him an introduction to the merchant's daughter. Of pleasing appearance and the most specious manner, he was not only admitted into the first circle, but his society was generally courted. Ellen fancied herself in love with the captivating stranger. There was an *ecclat* attached to his attentions, which flattered her self-esteem, and with the consent of her too indulgent father, she was betrothed, and the succeeding fall appointed for the marriage.

I have passed, my child, said Mrs. Stanley, with consciousness, over this happy portion of Miss Elder's history. I will now narrate a few events, which though they hold no immediate connection, with so important an era, as her marriage, possessed a decided influence upon her after course.

Among the worshippers at the shrine of this young beauty, was one who "never told his love," an artist. They had been children together. The lordly dwelling of Miss Elder's father, stood beside the humble mansion of the painter, sheltering also a widowed mother, and one elder brother, and during the period of youth, ere the heart becomes narrowed, by the punctilious usages of the world, they were thrown in daily contact together. Mr. Elder was a man of sound mind, and just discrimination. He saw that his daughter could never imbibe pernicious habits or vicious principles, from associating with the children of so exemplary a mother, and although fortune had placed so great a disparity between them, they were suffered to mingle in promiscuous intercourse together, sitting of a summer's night upon the same door step, marching arm in arm along the pavement, and not unfrequently interchanging little gifts with each other. Oscar was never without some fancifully painted flower, for his fair queen, as he poetically termed Ellen, or landscape, with occasionally an animal introduced, to please her childish fancy, discovering even at that early period the bent of his refined genius. While his brother, with a less refined taste, and a greater mechanical turn, furnished her baby house with chairs, tables, and a carriage to drag her doll round. But this of course was not always to last. Miss Elder was placed by her father at a fashionable boarding school, while one of the boys was sent off to a trade, and the other left to struggle with the innumerable difficulties a poor man is compelled to encounter, in obtaining for himself a professional education. Years passed away, years in which the widow's children, and the destined heiress of Mr. Elder, never met.

It was about a week after Ellen's return, as the future mistress of her father's home, that Mr. Elder, thinking to afford his daughter an agreeable surprise, informed her he had bar-

gained with her old playmate Oscar, to take her portrait. Ellen derided the idea of her sitting to a nameless artist, not for an instant deeming her father serious; but when she found he was in earnest, and considered the promise he had given of too binding a character to be retracted, great was her mortification indeed. That a mere youth, unknown to fame, or her fashionable acquaintance, should even attempt to delineate her features, appeared to her preposterous. Yet the father was not to be shaken from his purpose—he knew that his daughter undervalued the painter's merit, not only having heard him spoken of, in strong terms of commendation, but having himself seen several chaste and beautiful delineations of his pencil; and however reluctantly the consent was extorted, Ellen was compelled to yield an acquiescence.

The moraine came—on Ellen's part it approached with a sullen discontent, her mind alone dwelling on the humiliating idea of her being compelled to sit to a nameless artist, and half angry at what she felt disposed to deem her father's absurdity, she was led toward the painter's studio.

How different looked the group awaiting her. Standing, leaning on his easel, was the painter. Expectation, hope, an ardent desire of again beholding the companion of his infancy, who had left so vivid an impression upon his boyish fancy, lit up his features with an animation they rarely exhibited. Beside him, a little in shadow, was his aged mother. A contrivance of feelings had actuated her in desiring to be present at Miss Elder's first sitting—the strongest, doubtless, a mother's pride. She had watched her son's progress, had seen the untiring energy with which he had sought to win for himself a chapter wreath of fame, and in the simplicity of her heart, believed he now stood unrivalled in his art. To the mother, Ellen had, in the guilelessness of youth, professed Oscar's success; and, treasuring the words, she fancied Ellen would derive the same degree of pleasure from the fulfillment of the prophecy she had herself experienced; and then again the widow had listened, day after day, to a theme of which this, her favorite child, had never wearied—his devotion to Ellen. His mother knew she was the guiding star of her Oscar's life; and to witness their meeting from her seat, beside which her mother sat covering over a few embers, the daughter threw her arms around her neck, and straining her convulsively to her bosom, murmured where she was going, and left her. A drizzling rain which had fallen through the morning, had subsided into a deep mist, and the fog was so dense, it was almost impossible for a stranger to define her way, yet the unhappy girl proceeded. She had left a picture at a store in Market street to be examined, the proprietor of which had held out hopes of purchasing it, and to ascertain his determination was now her object in going.

With glancing eyes Ellen had watched her departure. The tie, binding mother and child is one of the most endurable links in the chain of affection. Nothing, not even the icy hand of death, which severs all other unions, can dissolve it. Between Ellen and her daughter, this bond had been strengthened by misfortune. Left to struggle together through life's tempestuous sea, friendless, save in the Omnipotent alone, they were the world to each other. There was no sacrifice, however great, that either would not have freely accorded, to have relieved the other from the harrowing cares which were cankering every enjoyment, and rendering even life a burden.

Slowly, and with a beating heart, had her approach been made to the store; fears had arisen in her mind of another rejection, and she was on the point of turning back, without submitting herself to the mortification, when she thought of her mother's pale face, rendered still paler by the pang of disappointment, deterred her, and summoning all the fortitude she felt capable of exerting, she pushed open the door and entered.

There was another, beside the man she came to seek, looking much younger, who stood with her picture in his hand, in the act of examining it. "It is very beautiful," he said, not observing her being present, "and discovers genius of a high order. This shading is well executed, but I can hardly believe it is a woman's production, the style is so much bolder than theirs generally. Well, Mr. Mordant, I suppose you may as well consider me as the purchaser of this picture—and if you can procure me a match for it, by the last of next week, I will call and take that also." He was moving off, with the picture in hand, when his eye encountered the daughter of Ellen. She was standing about half way between the entrance and the counter at which they had been conversing, a breathless listener of all that had been uttered. His words fell upon her ears like the manna of the wilderness—and with difficulty she had refrained from thanking him for the grateful relief they afforded. This money would enable her to pay their rent—no yet would her suffering mother be deprived of a place to lay her head. There were tears upon her cheek—tears arising from the over-charged feeling of a grateful heart, such as she had never before shed, for never had she seen her beloved mother in greater extremity than now.

From the moment of the young man's first recognition he had stood with his eyes bent upon her face as though he were entranced, without the capability of moving. There was in his countenance a blending of surprise, together with a desire of solving some puzzling query, which the more he gazed grew only more perplexing. Apparently not more than two and twenty, with the garb and manners of one accustomed to good society, it was easy perceiving his being a gentleman, in its truest sense.

At another time his steadfast look might have produced the greatest embarrassment on the part of the young girl, but now her mind was so wholly occupied with the one idea—that of having obtained relief for her mother—that he perceived his being a gentleman, in its truest sense.

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great tribulation, was she brought to a just sense of her own unworthiness, and became the admirable woman nature had intended, as well as the meek and self-enduring Christian. The voice of Mrs. Stanley, rendered tremulous from emotion, became inarticulate; but quickly recovering, she resumed.